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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE NEW YORK election in a nutshell. The decent people combined with the corporate grafters. They usually do.

WITH NEW YORK'S judiciary freshly Tammanyized, that solemn platitude, "respect for the courts," gains a new insignificance.

THE ADMINISTRATION repudiates the statement of a Columbia College professor that the Monroe Doctrine is obsolete. We beg to add our repudiation. The M. D. is the Pan-American third rail, and Continental powers are warned against crossing the track.

WIZARD BURBANK is experimenting with apples. He has done some astonishing things, and hopes eventually to produce a Ben Davis apple with some taste to it. If Eve had offered Adam a Ben Davis, instead of a Fall pippin, they might have remained in Eden until their lease expired.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR the next Peary Pole dash are now in order.

IT DEVELOPES that the late Rev. J. Henry Wiggin of Boston collaborated with Mrs. Eddy on that imperishable work, "Science and Health." Mr. Wiggin furnished the science and Mrs. Eddy the health.

"WHERE DO the voters of Rhode Island stand?" inquired the *Providence Journal*. The reports show that they stood where they usually stand—packed close together to keep from falling off into Massachusetts.

WHAT SIZE thief must a Pennsylvania office-holder be in order to escape "vindication" at the polls?

FREE ALCOHOL is promised for the farm. This will be a great help to the agriculturist in the making of "stone fences."

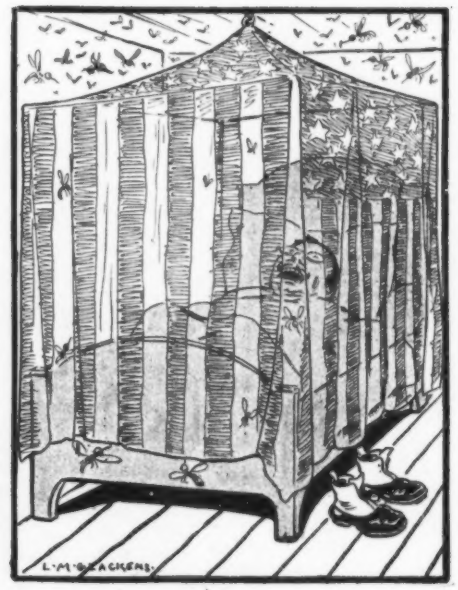
ANNOUNCEMENT is made of the engagement of a young couple who decided that they were affinities while paddling around in a canoe dressed in bathing suits. It would be a real treat to society if they would get married in pajamas.

THE BANSHEE.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MOODY is investigating the great and powerful coal and oil combinations, "and if he finds evidence of illegal combination he will proceed without regard to personal or political consequences." Mr. Moody, however, retires from the Cabinet January first, after which date Mr. Bonaparte, as Attorney-General, will "investigate" and "proceed." Mr. Bonaparte's successor as yet is not known.

IRRESPECTIVE OF the way in which the average donkey may regard it, Bourke Cochrane's attitude on trusts has made the Democratic Donkey chortle derisively for some years.

MR. HEARST talks of "fighting in the ranks." This would necessitate a complete change in his nature, and that is inconceivable. Mr. Hearst is for his own glorification—first, last, and all the time.



OUR STAR-SPANGLED THEODORE.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, DURING HIS STAY AT THE ISTHMUS, WILL REMAIN UNDER THE FLAG AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.—*News Item.*

SUCCESS.

SUCCESS! O word so ill-defined!
O word that means the same to few!
A myriad meanings all combined
Are rolled in you.

Is it success to have great wealth
And all the pleasures it will bring?
Or is it poverty and health,
As many sing?

Is it success to own estates,
Vast areas of mines and land,
To have the pow'r to mock the fates;
Supremely grand;

To have a house with all the things
That luxury and taste desire;
Treasures to which the richest kings
May well aspire;

A beautiful and noble wife,
To have, to hold and to caress—
Is this—are these the things of life
That make Success?

Has he the great, the true success
If Love and Fame and Wealth are his—
Is this the way to Happiness?

You bet it is.

Franklin P. Adams.

ITS SUNNY SIDE.

"AFTER ALL, life in the country has its recompenses," said the man who observes and cogitates. "Now, in the city, in order to gain fame one must be a multimillionaire, an eminent philanthropist and egotist, a deft, dashing or diabolical criminal, a monumental spendthrift or an absolutely blank fool; but in the average village he can become the object of hatred and envy of most of his fellow-men, be convicted at the Sewing Circle of being a dark and dangerous debauchee, be in imminent danger of a church trial, and have the old men wag their heads in suspicion and the little boys run out their tongues in derision when he passes by, merely by getting it stated in the weekly newspaper that he is thinking of buying a motor car."

NO REGRETS.

MRS. DEERING.—I think I shall have to give you the customary week's notice, Norah.

THE COOK.—Glory be! But ain't it wondherful how gr-reat minds run in th' same groove—ye tuk the wur-ruds right out av me mouth!

A MATTER OF VERBS.

HAPPY PRODUCE MERCHANT.—Old man, a wireless just received says that provisions have gone up.

GLOOMY PRODUCE MERCHANT.—*Come* up, you mean!

There will always be heartaches until people learn to distinguish between the helping and the merely glad, hand.

IN THE THEATER LOBBY.

A Convenience for the Gentlemen Who Can Never Remember Where They Put Their Tickets.

A GREAT MAN'S GRATITUDE.

As a boy the Hon. Theophilus Rockwell, railroad magnate, philanthropist and "object lesson" of a grateful Y. M. C. A., hung around the switches at Valley Junction, figuring out the meaning of the chalk marks on freight cars and gathering mislaid coupling-pins and flanges to trade for the transportation privileges of the caboose. He noted that the order "rush" on the placard with the consignee's name worked as well with the trainmen as the rule "Walk your horses on this bridge" did with the farmers of that section.

The thoughtful Theo also observed that a man who talked about shipping a herd of sheep over the line could get a pass to any point, while the station-master, who lived over the ticket office with his family and who had six fingers and a thumb left after twenty years in the road's service, was a stranger to the general passenger agent.

"To this town I owe the success of my career," truthfully and eloquently declared the Hon. Theophilus Rockwell at the Old Home Week banquet at Valley Village, "and I mean to show that I appreciate the full value of the debt by doing something worthy of this glorious village, which I am so proud to call my native place."

"Three cheers for Rockwell!" yelled the basket-ball team, the members of which had been acting as waiters. This brought the assembly to its feet and the athletes' suggestion was adopted, the women of the Social Science Club executing the picturesque Chautauqua salute with their handkerchiefs.

The demonstration was so great that the Hon. Theophilus Rockwell decided that he had reached a climax and that to continue would lessen the impressiveness of what he further intended to say. So he sat down and received the congratulations of the toastmaster and the other guests who sat near him at the head table.

At the conclusion of the after-dinner speeches there was a reception in the upper hall, where the Hon. Theophilus Rockwell stood at the head of a receiving line and met the men and women of Valley Village.

The Methodist minister was first. "I was pleased to hear you say that you thought of remembering your native place, Mr. Rockwell," he said, "and to-morrow I shall take the liberty of calling on you at the hotel to see if I can interest you in giving us a building for the Boys' Club."

"I shall be glad to see you," the Hon. T. R. replied, and the preacher passed along.

"You're just the man we're looking for," exclaimed Dr. Knight, the town's oldest practitioner, who was next presented. "We want a Cottage Hospital and I'd like to come around to-morrow and talk it over with you."

"Come ahead, doctor," the self-confessed benefactor responded, and the doctor moved up.

"Oh, Mr. Rockwell," exclaimed the fluttering librarian at the Valley Village branch of Carnegie Publicity Bureau, "please don't forget we need a reference room and a juvenile department."

"I'll see," the Hon. Theophilus Rockwell smiled, and with that bowed onward the angel of the bookworms.

Chairman Scragsby of the selectmen was fourth in the procession, but he did not delay it, pausing only to whisper, "Want to see you privately about a new town hall building."

Next in line was the Superintendent of Schools. "I ought to

It is easy to pick a winner at the race track, if you only don't know how.

A SUNDAY SPECIAL.

THE NEWSCHICKS.—Uxtry! Wuxtry! Turrible loss of life! Four ministers an' a presidin' elder at the house to dinner!

---

say," he ventured, as he was introduced "that the town's greatest need is a new high school."

Prof. Hornby, president of the board of cemetery trustees came up on an usher's arm and stopped before the principal guest to say that a memorial chapel would fill a long-felt want.

The Hon. Theophilus Rockwell gazed at the advancing scores and lifted his right hand as if to check the on-rush. The crowd halted and the chattering ceased.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the good Mr. Rockwell began, "there seems to be some misunderstanding here. It may be my fault; if so, I am sorry. I said at our dinner that I wished to do something worthy of this town, and I mean to."

Enthusiastic hand-clapping forced an interruption at this point, but in a moment he continued:

"I mean that the greatest and crying need of Valley Village shall be well and promptly met."

Cries of "Good, good!" were heard in all parts of the hall.

"And with your permission and under my direction ground will soon be broken for a new, a beautiful and an artistic railway station and freight depot."

Leverett Bentley.

URBS IN RURE.

THE king* is in the breakfast-room,
About to have a fit, —
The queen* is in the kitchen,
Though she cannot cook a bit.
The maid is in her chamber,
Packing up her clothes,
To take the next train cityward,—
How long, O Lord? Lord knows!

* Uncrowned.

THE LITERATURE OF YOUTH.

"THEY are positively the most idiotic drawings I ever saw!" exclaimed the editor, warmly.

The artist, unaccustomed as he was to praise, blushed.

"Sir," the editor continued, with rising enthusiasm, "I am convinced that these drawings, properly reproduced, in three or four hundred colors, would make the best-selling juvenile out of any book you could mention!"

If the artist, after that, smote the stars with his sublime head, who should wonder?

HARDLY.

TOURIST *(in Salt Lake City)*.—I suppose divorces are unheard of in this state?

NATIVE.—Not while the Chicago papers arrive daily!

AN UNFORTUNATE DISCOVERY.

THE GOOD MAN.—Remember, my boy, that every hair on your head is numbered.

THE BOWERY BOY.—Hully gee! I 'll never hear de last uv it if de gang hears I 'm sportin' autymobile tresses!

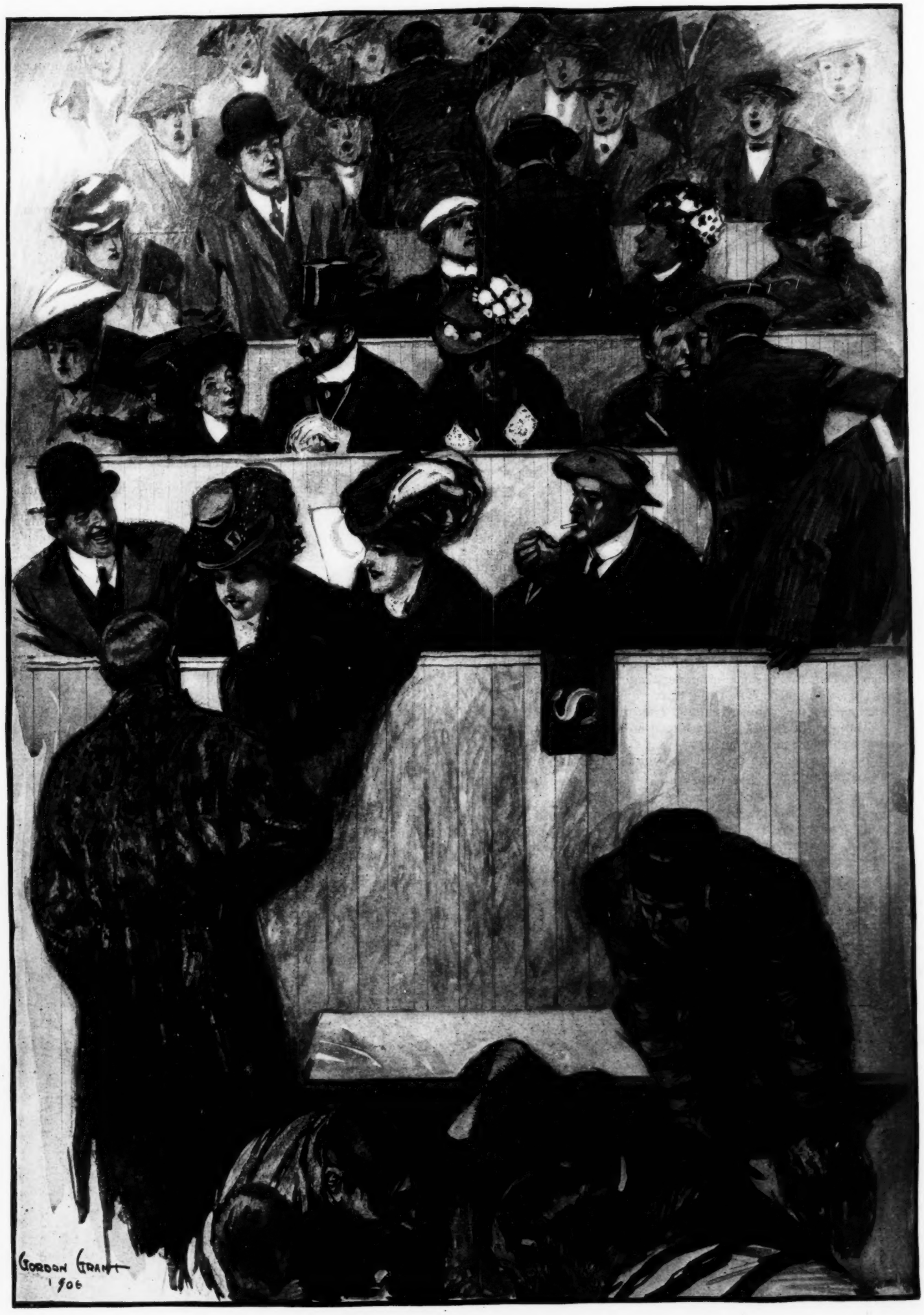
CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS.

AS OUR MODERN MAGAZINE ARTISTS WOULD PROBABLY PORTRAY THEM.

SMIKE.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

DOLLY VARDEN.



MAN HURT——BUT WHO CARES?

THERE ARE JUST A FEW CASES LIKE THIS.

HIGHLY MORAL GENTLEMAN.—Mary, never let me see this shameful sheet in the house again! Quite accidentally, I just now read some shocking verses in it that actually made me blush!

HIGHLY MORAL GENTLEMAN *(at his club with the "shameful sheet.")*—Say, boys, listen while I read you something. Here's a peach of a poem!

Novembernox.

THE MAGAZINE APOLOGISTS.

[The Self-Admiration Department of the modern magazine has recently taken a curious twist.]

OUR ink is uneven, our paper 's imperfect,
Our presswork is all to the bad;
Our cover 's off plumb and our art work is bum,
But we're awfully, frightfully glad.
The publisher thinks it a h—l of a number;
The editors take the same view.
We admit it is tough, that it's pretty poor stuff,
But we hope you will like it—
We do.

Our department of fiction is poorer than common;
Our humorous matter is sad;
Our up-to-date papers are nothing but vapors;
But nevertheless we are glad.
We may perform better, we may perform worse;
We don't know yet what we *can* do.
But *this* number, we think, is a peach, is a pink,
And we like it immensely—
Don't *you?*

Do You Love This Old Man?

He is Andrew Carnegie, who believes that the English Language is Monstrous and should be reformed. "If every newspaper," he says, "would adopt some one word and print it according to the new method the public would soon become accustomed to the method." But better still, if every writer (for there are more writers than newspapers) would reform one word the whole language would speedily be reformed. We are willing to help the Grand Cause along, and hereafter we shall spell "Ptilichthys" with one "h", thus—"Ptilicthys." Will not some other writer oblige? There are lots of words. Every little helps."

Every now and then Buffalo Bill Cody gets lost in the Big Horn Mountains. This is his advertising equivalent for losing one's diamonds.

"Without money," says Mr. Carnegie, "Mr. Hearst would never have been heard of." Without money the Carnegie library would never have been heard of, or Senator Clark's Fifth Avenue castle, or other architectural horrors.
Still we must have money.

Lillie Devereux Blake asserts that women are not afraid of mice. It is true that club women are not afraid of mice.

Tom Lawson, it is announced, is going to write fiction—frenzied fiction presumably. But really, all Mr. Lawson's output ever lacked was plot and heart interest.

The blind are to be provided with a monthly magazine, the first of its kind to be issued in America. There are already a sufficient number published for the entertainment of the feeble-minded.

B. L. T.

LABOR SNAPSHOT.

COMIC SUPPLEMENT ARTIST ON HIS WAY TO WORK.

One reason why the average American shows so little respect for his betters is that he doesn't know any better.

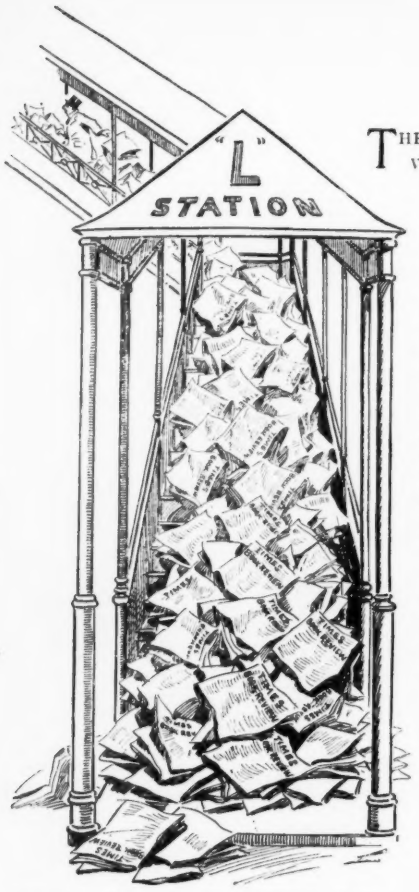
THE PUCK PRESS

"ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH

SUGGESTED TO THE PRESIDENT AS A WAY TO WH

LT'S ROUGH DIGGERS."

ENT AS A WAY TO WHOOP THINGS UP AT PANAMA.



SATURDAY MORNING IN LIT'RY NEW YORK.

CONSCIENCE.

THE CONSCIENCE is a troublesome but invisible growth that interferes with one's success in life.

Moral surgery is making progress, but has not yet reached a stage of development that permits one to have the conscience removed as conveniently as he may be deprived of his appendix. This, however, should not deter one, for is it not better to suffer any amount of physical pain than to endure the privation and want which comes from taking only what belongs to us?

The conscience has such a disagreeable habit of knocking that it is often likened to a voice — sometimes still and small, at other times large and garrulous, — according to the pleasurable possibilities of the offense to be committed.

While an operation is to be preferred, the most stubborn case of conscience will sometimes yield to treatment (try a weak solution of cupidity and ambition in about equal parts) and often entirely disappear. Once gone, a recurrence of the trouble need not be feared.

W. F. Rice.

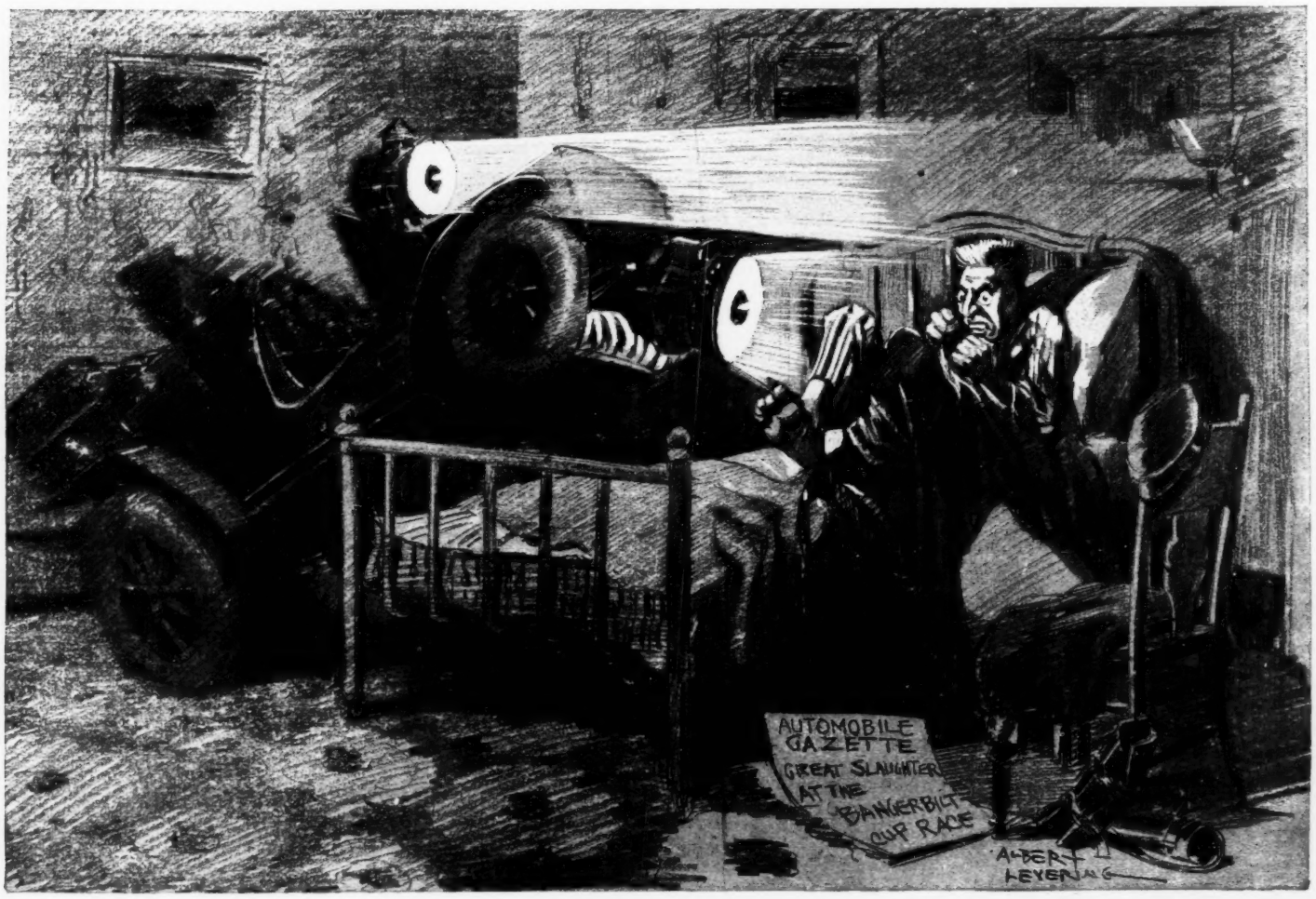
EXPERIENCED.

COUNTRY DEACON. — Our salary is $400 per year and we give you two donation parties. How'll that suit you?

CLERGYMAN. — Call it $350 — and leave out the donation parties!

THE MAN who fishes for compliments does not tell any fish stories about the big ones that got away.

AN Aladdin who would exchange new jokes for old could do a lively business.



THE NIGHTMARE'S SUCCESSOR.

AND HE NEVER KNEW THE DIFFERENCE.

THE NEAR-SIGHTED MAN.—When a chap has to get his own breakfast once in a while, these predigested cereals are the real thing.

"As the directions say, just add cream and sugar to suit.

"It's no use talking. That's a lot healthier for a man than one of those old style hot meat breakfasts."

TAPPLETOWN TOPICS.

(LATE FALL JOTTINGS IN THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.)

THE PLACID and elegant smile of Storekeeper Root is different. The young assistant clerk he was expecting this week proved to be twin girls.

We note that Miss Lizzie Hurley, daughter of our genial station agent, has returned from New York wearing them short sleeves and long gloves. Mittens for the elbows, if you stay in this climate all winter, Liz.

Late passers-by the old Abraham Greene homestead report ghosts on the veranda. We don't believe it. One time we courted a girl on a veranda till half past one A. M. in the dead of winter. She was no ghost.

Judy Young has had a new glass front door put in her residence at the kitchen ell. We'd like to see anybody get by some houses in this village without being nailed.

Eben Burdock Wright has purchased him a new saw and saw-horse for the coming season. Saw hearty, Eben.

It is reported that Eben Burdock Wright sold his vote at our recent Town Election for an oyster stew. This is a campaign lie.—Eben says so.

Capt. Benjamin T. Loomis was seen in church last Sunday. He was not in his usual health.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle last week met at Mrs. Henry Young's and discussed the topic, "Folks in Our Village."

Eli Rider has him a new hat. His old one will be missed.

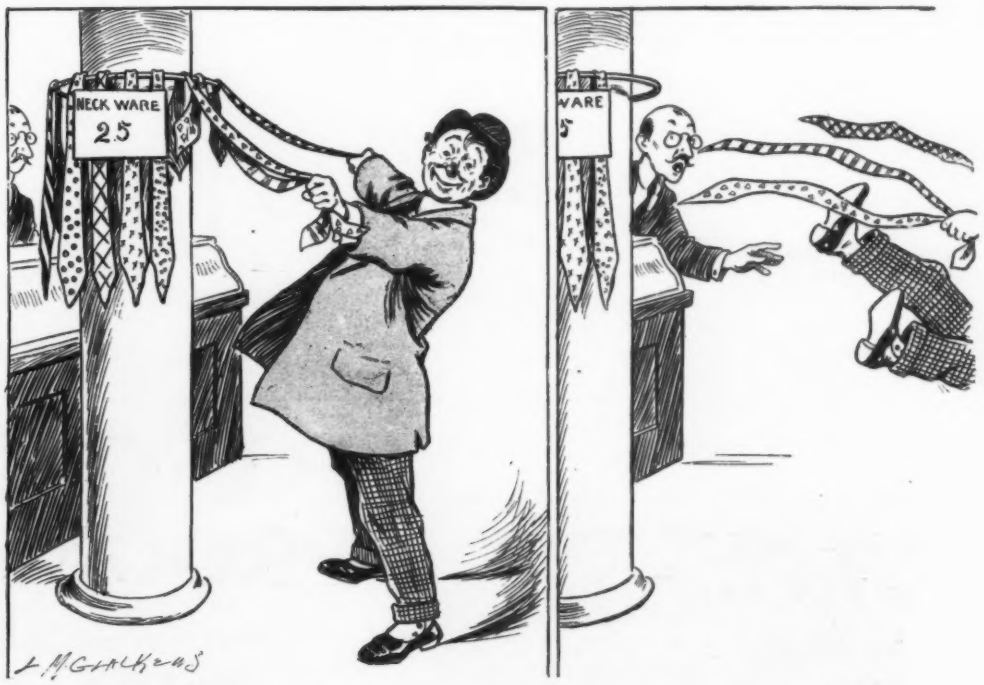
Attorney Tal Maine has bought him still another new dog to occupy the position of the one that was licked last week by Bud Jones' Bull terrier. We cast no reflections when we say the latest dog also has his work cut out for him.

Bean Supper at M. E. parsonage Friday Eve. Clough boys please take notice this don't mean Bean Shooters. There has been altogether too much deviltry at Church suppers, of late.

Hank Steele has a new buggy. Sit close, Susie Cr-nd-ll.

Out of deference to the wishes of friends of both parties (which we ourself also are) we shall not further refer in these columns to the regretable fight which took place last Tuesday at the Court House between Deacon James Jewett and Deacon Silas Rider during the trial of their law suit. Verdict was for Deacon Rider, $47.50. He now sits up an hour or so, each day.

Fred. Ladd.



A SUDDEN DEVELOPMENT.

FULLERN TICK *(in gentleman's furnishing store)*.—Yeshir; th-there ain' nothin' like thesh paten' exer-exershisers to d'velope man's chest. Raish th' arms, lean back ——— * * * *

Hitch your wagon to a star—but get up when the alarm clock goes off.

Wherever good taste rules, it's the Murad. They follow the men who know and demand the finest quality.

MURAD CIGARETTES

are made true to every point of finished quality—richness, smoothness, exquisite mildness—each in its perfection, all in perfect harmony.

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York

EIGHT of the twelve members of the French cabinet are newspaper men. In this country newspaper men are satisfied to select the victims for such positions.—*Washington Post.*

Wilson—

For guarantee of purity, see back label on every bottle:

That's All!

THOSE SOOTHING REMARKS.

SI.—Ye missed him, Hank!

A glass of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as a tonic.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER. "Its Purity Has Made It Famous." Invaluable in the Home and Office.

INFORMED.

"Corporations are crushing you!" shouted the candidate, evoking applause.

"They are soulless and sordid dodgers," he continued. "I know whereof I speak."

"Sure you do," came a voice from the audience; "I tried to serve papers on one of yours once."

Of course they ejected the disturber forthwith.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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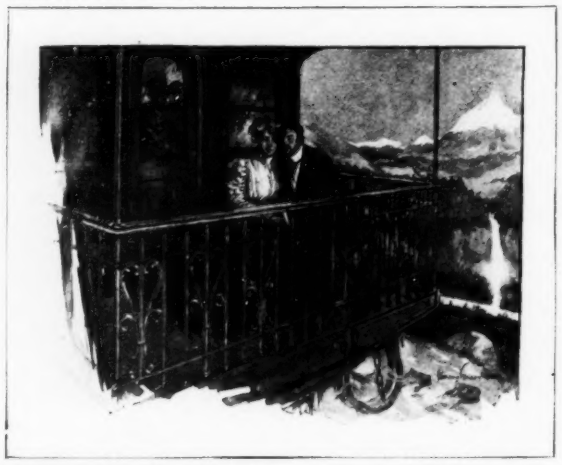

THE OBSERVATION CAR.
By Gordon H. Grant.

Photogravure in Sepia, 15 x 12 in.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK

These are but two examples of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Sixty Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK, New York
295-309 Lafayette St.

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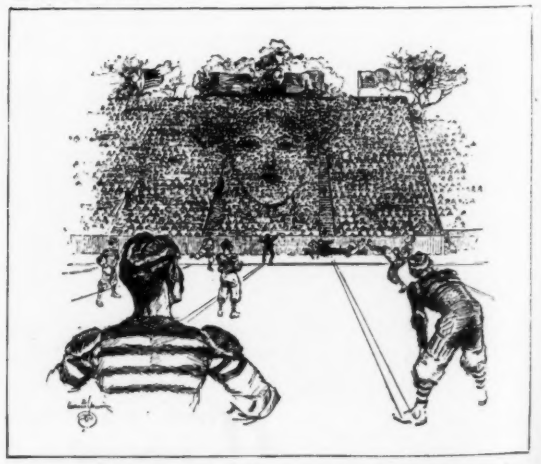

AS IT SEEMED TO HIM.
By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

NO DINNER COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

NO DINNER COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

LIQUEUR

Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A bald head does n't always generate bare facts.

If people are the right kind they are never unkind.

Misery loves company — and it never has that lonely feeling.

Patience isn't necessarily a virtue; more often it's a necessity.

Spilled milk of human kindness is the only kind worth crying over.

What this country needs is a political party without any politics in it.

A figure of speech doesn't cut much of a figure with the tailor-made woman.

When a wise man has occasion to call any one a liar he uses a long-distance phone.

Later on you may have an opportunity to walk on the pavements made of your good intentions.

When a woman asks a man how old he thinks she is he is justified in not giving voice to his real thoughts.

It doesn't take a very smart man to guess the rest of a story after a woman has told one-third of it

Famous Punch Recipe

By a well known chef. Cut out and preserve

Four loaves sugar; sliced orange and pineapple and a few cherries.

One large cube of ice; pony of cognac; pony of curacoa; pony of apricotine; one split carbonated water, one quart

COOK'S Imperial EXTRA DRY Champagne

Shine on! It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street. BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. } NEW YORK.

All kinds of Paper made to order.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A man seldom works as hard at any other time as he does just before he goes on his vacation or just after he returns.

During the courtship a young man gazes into a girl's soulful eyes and admires her dimples, but he is apt to overlook her chin — *Chicago Daily News.*

A TYPE.

"He's a popular man," said the observer of politics, "but he never seems to be lucky."

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "he is one of the people who always have our admiration before election and our sympathies after."—*Wash. Star.*

AS IT IS.

Smoot
Smut
Smote
Smitten.
—*Milw. Sentinel.*

ALWAYS COMES TRUE

"How do you manage to maintain your prestige with the czar?"

"Easily enough," answered the court fortune-teller. "Whenever I am in doubt, I tell him he is about to go on a journey.—*Washington Star.*

The Best Bitter Liqueur

A Thanksgiving Treat

Underberg BOONEKAMP Bitters

Bracer—tonic—and cordial. Delicious at all hours. An "Elixir of Life." Invigorates, strengthens, enlivens but does not intoxicate. Gives an appetite, and good health.

ENJOYABLE AS A COCKTAIL AND BETTER FOR YOU.

OVER 6,000,000 BOTTLES IMPORTED TO THE UNITED STATES.

At all hotels, clubs, restaurants, wine merchants, grocers, etc.

Bottled only by H. UNDERBERG ALBRECHT, Rheinberg, Germany, Since 1846

LUYTIES BROTHERS, General Agents, New York.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

THE LEAN ONE.—Going away for Thanksgiving?

THE POMPOUS ONE.—Why, yes; I 'm to spend Thanksgiving with those city people who were up here last Summer.

An ounce of sherry and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters before meals is a wonderful appetizer.

THE

CHRISTMAS

PUCK

WILL BE ISSUED

Wednesday, Dec. 5, 1906.

ADVERTISING FORMS Close November 21st.

Early application should be made for space in this issue.

Address PUCK, New York.

Four 24-Hour Trains to Chicago Every Day — NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

They enjoy today, as for years past, the favor of those smokers who seek quality, and who can recognize it.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES
CIGARETTES

maintain an unchanged and unapproachable standard of excellence—the standard they first created and still alone uphold.

No. 1 Size 10 for 35c.
No. 3 Size 10 for 25c.
S. ANARGYROS, Mfr., 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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Egyptian scenes-Grand Temple of Karnac from across the Nile

SPITEFUL.

PATIENCE.—I didn't think you were on good terms with Polly?

PATRICE.—I'm not.

"Well, you kissed her, just now, when you met."

"I know I did; and if there's anything in the theory that there are microbes in kisses, I hope she got a lot!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

JUST LIKE JOB.

"I notice," said the visitor, "that your sign reads: 'Job, Printing.' What's the comma in there for?"

"My dear sir," replied the country editor, "that's a delicate way of conveying the information that we're running this business as Job might have run it. We have wonderful patience and forbearance."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

LIMITED SPACE.

"We always keep the shades of our flat drawn during the day."

"That's foolish. You should raise them in the morning and allow them to remain that way."

"Oh, but when the sunshine comes in it makes the flat seem so crowded."—*Cleveland Press.*

SEEING BENEATH THE SURFACE.

"But can you explain why the strikers refrained from doing you any injury?" asked the reporter.

"At the last moment," replied the strike-breaker, as he glanced furtively around, "they discovered that I was wearing a union suit."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

NOT IN HIS BUSINESS.

"You fellows may find it all right," said the man in the corner of the smoking compartment, "but in my business I can't take people as I find them."

"What is your business?" asked the man whose suit case was covered with labels.

"I'm a photographer."—*Cleveland Press.*

OF course, if a girl is rich and handsome, and highly educated, and a good singer, and a fine musician generally, and has everything in the world that she desires, there may be an occasional fifteen minutes or so in her young life when she has no interest in getting married.—*Somerville Journal.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

STATISTICS.

FIRST OFFICER.—I understand this is your first voyage, Major MacWhiffle.

THE MAJOR.—Who the deil told ye that? My first on Loch Atlantic, Captain, but my saxth if ye count Loch Lomond.

EXPLAINED.

SHE.—What does it mean when you hear that persons are willing to fight at the drop of a hat?

HE.—It simply means, my dear, that when a lot of women hear that a certain hat has dropped in price, there's a regular riot to get it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

GEORGE'S GAME.

ANASTASIA.—Don't you play cards at all?

INNOCENTIA.—No, but George says he's going to teach me, after we're married.

ANASTASIA.—I suppose he'll teach you casino or euchre first.

INNOCENTIA.—No; he says there's a perfectly fascinating game called "solitaire."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"The 20th Century Limited"

FASTEST LONG DISTANCE TRAIN IN THE WORLD

960 Miles in 18 Hours

VIA THE

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

"America's Greatest Railroad"

THIS magnificent train is equipped with Pullman cars of the very latest design and has all the special features which have made the New York Central service so deservedly popular. Barber, Fresh and Salt Water Baths, Valet, Ladies' Maid, Manicure, Stock and Market Reports, Telephone, Stenographer, etc.

A dozen other fast trains between

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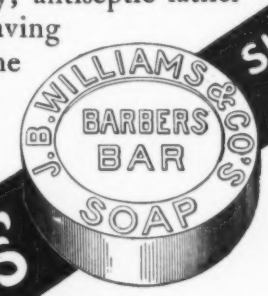
BUFFALO, DETROIT, CLEVELAND,
COLUMBUS, CINCINNATI,
INDIANAPOLIS, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
the West and Southwest.

C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Manager, NEW YORK.

THE rich, creamy, antiseptic lather of Williams' Shaving Soap not only puts the beard in shape for easy shaving, but also leaves the skin soothed and refreshed.



Williams' Shaving Soap

It is "The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
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GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE NEATNESS, AND COMFORT WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD
The Name is stamped on every loop—
The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS
Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.
GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
ALWAYS EASY

A Fairy Tale.

SHE.—I dreamed last night that a rich English duke married a poor American girl. Wasn't that ridiculous!

HE.—Yes; but I had a dream that was queerer than that. I dreamed that an English duke married an American heiress and they lived happily ever after!—*Detroit Free Press.*

BESIDES the graft in the Pennsylvania capitol, there are not lacking those with an insistent hunch that there is also a good deal of graft in Pennsylvania capital. — *Indianapolis News.*

REPORTS from Wall Street show that it is a wise railroad that knows its owner these days. — *Wash. Post.*

Positive and Comparative.

Man's words to man are often flat,
Man's words to woman flatter,
Two men may often stand and chat,
Two women stand and chatter.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Dandruff goes—
New Hair comes—
You can prove it yourself by using

ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC

(Eau de Quinine)

Massage it into the scalp every day.
(Your barber or hairdresser knows how.)
At drug and department stores.

Send 10c. to pay postage and packing of a liberal sample.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
Dept. 89.
Ed. Pinaud Building, New York.

A Severe Discrimination.

"That man is one of my friends," remarked the novice in public life.

"Which kind?" responded Senator Sorghum. "Friends, you know, are divided into two great classes; those whom you need and those who need you."—*Washington Star.*

THE government sent 1,000 men up into Wyoming to teach the Utes to change their war dance to a waltz. — *Washington Post.*

WHEN telegraph wires can be stretched overhead for $150 a mile and cost $1,850 a mile to lay under ground, you will readily appreciate how important it is that we disfigure the landscape. —*Indianapolis News.*

Grateful.

"Did you ever see such a homely woman? I believe she is the homeliest woman in the world."

"That's what I think. And the oftener you see her, the homelier she gets. Her homeliness grows on one."

"I'm glad it didn't grow on me."—*Cleveland Press.*

Makes Flesh and Blood that lasts.

Evans' Stout

Simply—
Malt and Hops
Nature's product—
The most substantial foundation for robust health—

Your Dealer Can Get It.
1786—C. H. EVANS & SONS—1906
Hudson, N. Y.

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GOL DARN THAT CITY FELLER!
By Gordon H. Grant.
Photogravure in Sepia, 15 x 20 in. *PRICE ONE DOLLAR.*

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By "O'Neill."
Photogravure in Sepia, 19 x 14 in. *PRICE ONE DOLLAR.*

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BEFORE THE GAME.
By Stuart Travis.
Photogravure in Sepia, 15x19½ in. *PRICE ONE DOLLAR.*

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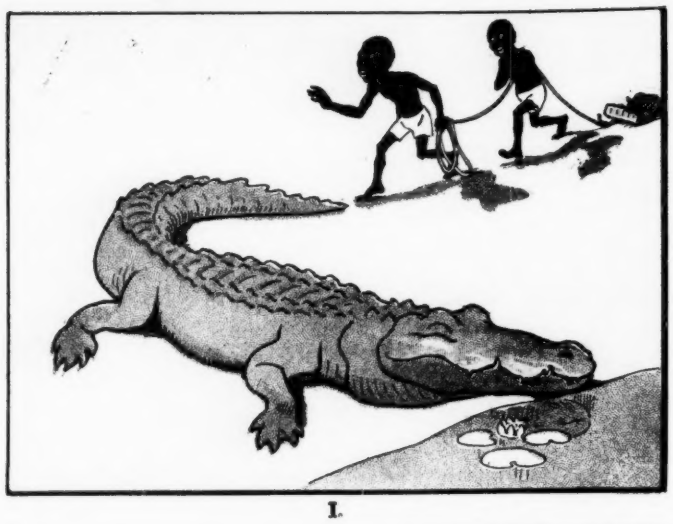

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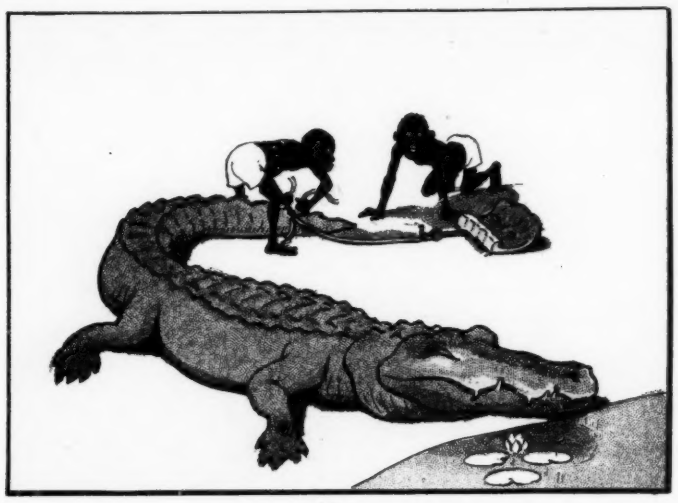

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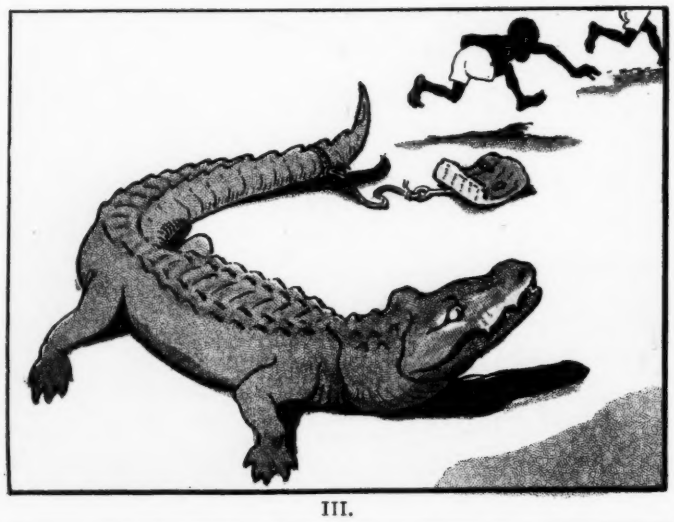

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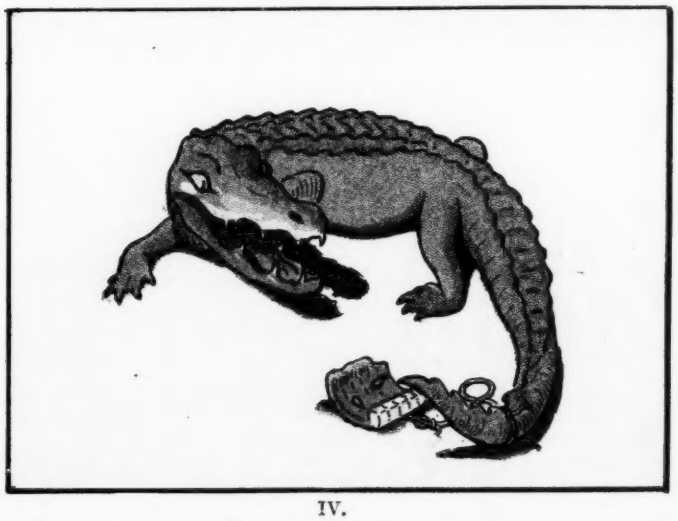

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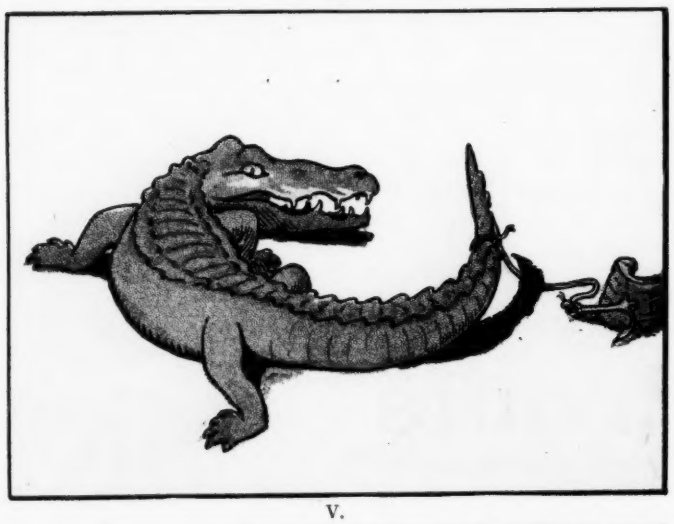

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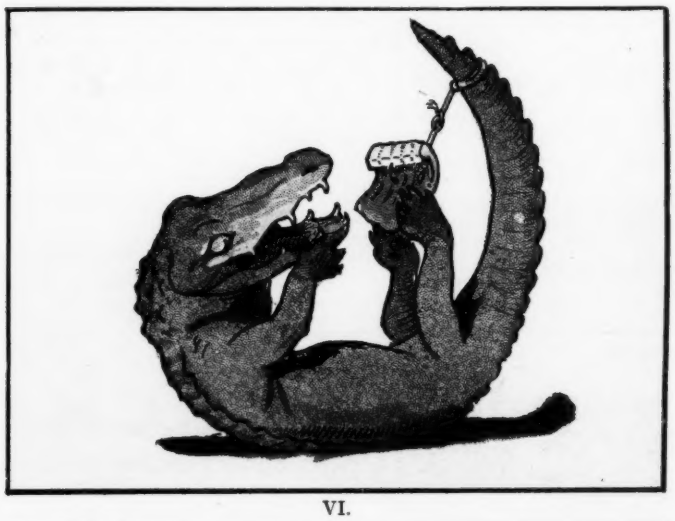

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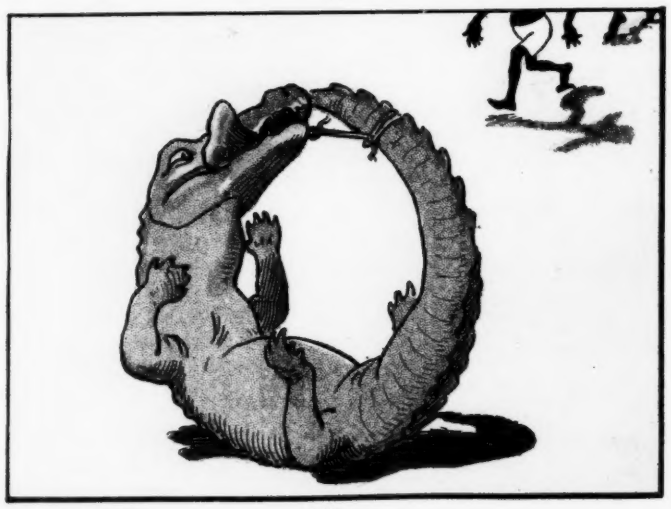

VII.

VIII.

THE PUCK PRESS

THE FATE OF THE GREEDY CROCODILE.